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POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Far, far distant in that mournful tomb,
There lies a darling friend, in youth gone home;
Hope's sparkling eyes in him have ceased to glow
And earth's endearments nought to him can show.

That paternal care who reared his tender mind;
Who fondly hoped in him a trust to find;
That maternal eye, that lit his youthful gleam,
No more on earth her darling son can see.

For him, the friendly circle all must mourn;
For him, affliction's draught has filled our urn,
And grief has wet the tender pallid cheek,
When aged friends on earth again may meet.

This faded emblem of our youthful day,
May teach us life is but a sunny ray,
For one dark cloud may blast our prospects here
And prostrate all in dust that hope can rear.

He'd roamed to tread his father's native shore,
There love, and hope, were cherished long before;
Where ancient sires, in peace have homeward gone—

To echo loud in praise, their Maker's song.
That land was once our father's happy flower;
There the filial tie was known in every bower;
And there, the kind nature filled the lays of earth,
And heaped with pleasure every youthful path.

But, ah! too soon the leaden hand of death
Has snatched a sparkling genius from our earth
And plunged in youth, affliction's dagger deep,
And closed a blooming eye in silent sleep.

Could I but fly to yonder azure sky,
There a golden type should speak his memory;
And there, posterity might learn to read
The virtues of a friend, a friend in deed.

And while the earth shall swallow up his form,
And creeping reptiles o'er his tomb shall crawl,
There's one consoling thought remains for me,
That I again his form in peace may see.

REFLECTOR.

AUTUMN.

Oh! have I rambled to the summit of
some favorite hill, and thence, with feelings
sweetly tranquil as the lucid expanse
of the heavens that canopied me,
have noted the slow and almost imper-
ceptible changes that mark the waning
year. There are many features pecu-
liar to our autumn, and which give it an
individual character; the "green and
yellow melancholy," that first steals o-
ver the landscape—the mild and steady
serenity of weather, and the transparent
purity of the atmosphere, speak not
merely to the senses but to the heart—
it is the season of liberal emotions. To
this succeeds a fantastic gaiety, a motley
dress, which the woods assume, where
green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson
and scarlet, are whimsically blended
together. A sickly splendor this! like
the wild and broken hearted gaiety that
sometimes precedes dissolution, or that
childish sportiveness of superannuated
age, proceeding not from a vigorous flow
of animal spirits, but from the decay and
imbecility of the mind. We might
perhaps be deceived by this gaudy garb
of nature, were it not for the rustling of
the falling leaf, which breaking on the
stillness of the scene, seems to announce
in prophetic whispers, the dreary winter
that is approaching. When I have some-
times seen a thifty young oak changing
its hue of sturdy vigor for a bright and
transient glow of red, it has recalled to
my mind the treacherous bloom that
once mantled the cheek of a friend who
is now no more; and which, while it
seemed to promise a long life of jocund
spirits was the sure precursor of prema-
ture decay. In a little while, and this
ostentatious foliage disappears—the close
of autumn leaves but one wide expanse
of dusky brown, save where some riv-
ulet steals along, bordered with little
stips of green grass; the woodland echoes
no more to the carols of the feathered
tribes that sported in the leafy covert
and its solitude and silence are uninter-
rupted except by the plaintive whistle of
the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or
the still more melancholy wintry wind,
which rushing and swelling through the
leafless branches of the grove, seems to
mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of
drawing comparisons between the differ-
ent divisions of life add those of the sea-
sons, there will appear a striking analogy
which connects the feelings of the aged
with the decline of the year. Often, as
I contemplate the mild, uniform and gen-
eral lustre with which the sun cheers
and invigorates us in the month of Octo-
ber, and the almost imperceptible blaze
which, without obscuring, tempers, all
the asperities of the landscape, and gives
to every object a character of stillness
and repose, I cannot help comparing it
with that portion of existence when the
spring of youthful hope and the summer
of the passions having gone by, reason
assumes an undisputed sway, and lights
us on with bright but undazzling lustre
down the hill of life. There is a full
and mature luxuriance in the fields that
fills the bosom with generous and dis-

interested content. It is not the thought-
less extravagance of spring, prodigal
blossoms, nor the languid voluptuous-
ness of summer, feverish in its enjoy-
ments, and teeming only with immature
abundance; it is that certain fruition of
the labors of the past—that prospect of
comfortable realities which those will
be sure to enjoy who have improved the
bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted
away their spring and summer in empty
trifling, or criminal indulgence.

W. Irving.

MISCELLANY

MY WIFE: A WHISPER.

"My Wife"—she is gone out of town,
and I seized the lucky moment to paint
her portrait, and to tell my story. They
shall not be full-lengths.

Wives!—what a word. There is
"the creaking of shoes and the rustling
of silks" in the sound; the rattling of
keys, and—no, not the chink of money;
but there is the sly, subtle, single knock
of a dun in it, the scolding of a servant,
and the squeaking of children. Wife!
it sounds like the requiem of liberty, the
knell of genius, the sad, sullen adieu to
all the rhapsodies and ramblings of youth
—the *ipse dixit* of destiny, pronouncing
sentence of imprisonment for life, upon
the unfettered and untameable spirit.—
It is a dictionary of itself—it means ev-
ery thing, good and evil. It is the *open
casar*! of mischief—the sound of the
creaking hinges of Pandora's box—the
riveting of chains—the cabalistic word
that is to call spirits from the deep, ser-
aphs or satyrs, as it may happen—the
flapping of the sails of the departing ves-
sel, that is leaving us on an island, peo-
pled probably with hyenas that hate
laughing, and bears too sulky to dance.
But then on the other hand, there is a
certain sweetness—not a sweetness ex-
actly, but a something or other, in the
sound, that certainly does—but all this
is not what I was going to say.

Wives in general—for I have a word
for those of other people before I come
to my own—are as varied as the weath-
er. There are hot and cold ones, fair
foggy, damp and dry. Your 'damp' wife
will be barely civil to you when you ask
for her husband, and perhaps will say
something about "people calling to take
him out." If you open the door sudden-
ly, you will perhaps see her putting the
decanter away. The "dry" wife works
by hints; she will quiz you, if single,
upon your dissipated habits, and intim-
ates that you are the cause of all her
husband's wickedness before marriage,
and some of it since. But your "foggy"
wife is more disagreeable than all—one
with whom it is impossible to see an
inch before you, where you don't know
whether you are to go or stay, who seems
to entertain you with entire indifference,
or regards you as a part of the live-stock
upon her husband's estate, who neither invites
you nor declines your visits, forgets your
name twice a week, and if asked who
you are, says—"Oh! it is only a friend
of Mr.'s," who, in short, just endures
you, because there was a sort of under-
standing in the marriage contract, that
the husband was to have his friends and
dogs as often as he pleased. This is a
sad clog to friendship, but it is a com-
mon one. I have a dozen friends whom
I never think of visiting for this reason,
because I know I should be placing my-
self in the situation of that person who
apologised to Dr. Johnson for his long
stay, and was answered, "Not at all, sir;
I had forgotten you were present."

When a man makes you stay to dinner
whether you will or no, you may under-
stand what he means; and when, on the
other hand, he kicks you down stairs
you may, in general, pretty accurately
guess what his intentions are. But an
indifferent or an indefinite sort of recep-
tion is what I never, under any circum-
stances, run the risk of encountering
twice.

How provoking is it, when you have
made a call upon a friend who is de-
lighted to see you, and with whom you
have made up your mind to stop the
evening, to be mercilessly interrupted
by his wife, with—"well, when will you
come and take a cup of tea with us?"—
as if she had detected the lurking inten-
tion as soon as it was formed. Really, I
cannot understand how it is that human
nature is still willing to submit to such
inconveniences; and that in spite of
Doctor's Commons, people are constant-
ly found, not only perpetrating marriage,
but persisting to their last breath in jus-
tifying their conduct, gilding their mis-
eries till they look like transports to all
but themselves, and preaching up their
independence till, like patriots, they half
deluded themselves with a notion that
they are in earnest. I do not go quite
so far as the philosopher, who wished
that the human race could be continued
like trees; so that when a man wanted
an heir he might only have to plant him-
self in his garden—set his housekeeper
to water him—and wait for the shoot

sprouting forth. This is a philosophy
that is beyond me; but I do wish that
there were some modification in the ar-
ticle of marriage; that the practice of
widows throwing themselves on the fu-
neral pile of their husbands, were not
confined to the Hindoos, but that some-
thing of the kind could be adopted here
—as, instead of worrying us to death, it
would then become the grand aim of
their existence to keep us alive as long
as possible.

Or perhaps if the husband were to in-
cur the penalty, it would be as well; it
would certainly tend to a diminution of
the number of marriages—a result which
besides setting the Mulattians at rest
forever, no slight advantage—would have
a sensible effect in the marriage market,
by humbling the coquish and taming
the termagant. It is the natural pre-
judice of the human mind in favor of
marriage, and a proneness to commit it
when about nineteen, that creates the
mischief. If men were less ready to fall
into the snare, women would be less dis-
posed to make them sensible that they
were in it. The more is not the mer-
rier, in this case. There are instances,
I know, where marriage is indispensa-
ble; such as, when a man has made up
his mind to take to drinking. Nothing
is more uncomfortable, after spending an
evening in the society of a few glasses
of brandy and water, than to return
home late, knock at the wrong door for
half an hour, repeat the operation at the
right one for three quarters, then recol-
lect that you've got the key in your pocket
after all, open it, grope about in the dark,
find your way into any room, careless
whether it be the landlady's or not, and
fall fast asleep before you have got one
boot off. All this is unpleasant, and a
person so intending to indulge should
certainly maroonize his condition, in or-
der that he may have somebody to take
care of him. In cases like this it would
be excusable; but we are every hour
seeing marriages contracted upon the
most frivolous pretences, when there is
really no earthly occasion for it. One
would think it was considered quite a
pleasure to repeat the responses and to
pay parsons their dues—to eat fifteen
shillings' worth of cake, and go travel-
ing in a shabby chaise.

I make not these observations about
wives with any desire to depreciate my
own. Luckless and ill-fated is the wight
who hath a partner prone to cards or
paint, to throwing tea-cups, or dancing
with lust cousins not absolutely ill-look-
ing. I pity him from the very depths of
my spirit—yet I envy him. Yes, his is
an enviable state of existence to mine.—
What is a simple fracture or two, or a
slight scar on the temple—or a dinner
service demolished—or the loss of the
money you had put by for your summer
expenses at somewhere, to an old card-
player that you hate; or even the e-
lopement with the not ill looking first
cousin which istis cause of your remou-
strance? All these are nothing to my
sufferings, but they spring from a differ-
ent cause. I am not tormented with a
bad wife; but I am tortured—that is
not the word, it does not express what
I mean—with a good one. All my cal-
amities arise from my good-fortune;—
my indescribable misery lies at the door
of my unspeakable happiness. I am
like a man who having unfortunately
drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds,
is immediately thrown into prison by his
creditors for twenty thousand pounds
—or I resemble the unhappy winner
of the prize-ox lately raffled for, whose
appetite reduced the envied possessor of
the beast to the verge of bankruptcy.—
I am ruined, I repeat, by my good for-
tune. Had "my wife" been less ami-
able, I had been less afflicted; but she
is perfection—and I am undone. Oh!—
ye, who love—but have the incalculable
advantage of not being beloved in return
—ye, whose wives reward your devoted
attentions with the most profound and
unmitigated hatred; ye, who never
knew what it was to be doated on to a
degree of inconvenience, which as novel-
ists and newspapers remark, "may be
more easily conceived than described"—
how little able are ye to sympathise with
me! I am the very victim of my wife's
idolatry, the martyr to my own felicity.—
Her affection for me is of that micro-
scopic kind that she is perpetually de-
tecting some horrible omen in what I
had foolishly looked upon as a prospect
of pleasure. She finds blot upon my
sun when I fancy it all brightness. She
sees poison in every thing that I happen
by any chance, to have a partiality for.—
She is such a faithful guardian to my
happiness, and takes such extraordi-
nary care of my comforts, that she never
lets me have any for use. Every disas-
ter that has happened to me for these
ten years may be clearly traced to her
precautions for avoiding it. Lest I
should get into any danger, or rather
lest her affectionate spirit should miss
the delight of sharing it with me, she
never trusts me out of her sight. There
she is always at my elbow, taking care

as she says, that I want for nothing—

— "a form of life and light,
That see I became a part of sight!
And rose where'er I turned mine eye—"

In fact, I can't turn it, upon the most
trivial object, without undergoing a cross
examination as to my motive for looking
at it. If my eye happened to fall on the
window, or be turned towards the sky
I am saluted with—"What is the mat-
ter? Are you going out? if my glance
wanders round the room she remarks it,
and says—Can I get you any thing? or
if it is fixed for a moment on the fire—
"You are cold. Shall I ring for some
coals?"—nay, if I glance, though ever
so carelessly, at the girl who brings them
—the same question is ready;—"What
do you want? any thing that I can get
you?" Her tender regard for my health
takes the place of every other feeling, I
have been a most pitiable invalid for ma-
ny years—not that I feel ill—quite the
contrary; you would think me remark-
ably strong and healthy; but "my wife"
knows better—she is aware that I am of
a most delicate and sickly constitution,
and she accordingly abridges my beef-
steak, and looks up my cigars, with a
firmness that amounts to something philo-
sophic. She sees the water come into
my eyes—or mouth—but without re-
lenting. In short she is the most sensi-
tive of women. She detects a fever in
the very opening of a door, and discov-
ers a rheumatism in every keyhole. She
never uses an umbrella until she is sure
it is thoroughly aired; is seized with an
ague at the sight of the damp news-pa-
per regularly every morning; and once
experienced inflammation, which she at-
tributed to her having incautiously drank
some water out of a wet glass.

I said that I would paint her portrait
and then tell my story; I have finished
my pen-and-ink sketch, and my story
will bring me to the end of my paper.—
The adventure rose out of that incessant
and amiable anxiety for my health which
I cannot too much admire—or lament.

"People cannot be too careful of them-
selves, particularly at this trying season.
Now do take, it dear L. * * *

"Oh!" no, it would be quite unne-
cessary."

"You are so careless. Who is to
nurse you if you catch cold? Now, ob-
lige me by taking it—you had better."

"Ridiculous! How can you press it
upon me when I say so positively that I
don't want it. I never heard of such a
thing, and it would be really absurd."

"Not so absurd as your refusal. I
can't conceive why you should make so
many scruples—when it's all for your
own good. I'm sure you'll catch cold.
You know your cough is very bad al-
ready—there, it's coming on now; it
will spoil all the folds of your cravat be-
fore dinner. Pray oblige me; be reason-
able and put it in your pocket. Well,
it's very teasing of you—I'm sure you
might as well."

The article which was so assiduously
and tenderly pressed upon my attention,
but which I perseveringly declined ac-
cepting, was by no means a romantic
one. It was not one of those infallible
and heaven-invented restoratives for
which all females—but elderly ones es-
pecially—are so deservedly celebrated.—
It was neither charm nor cordial; no, it
was nothing more nor less than—a night-
cap! The dialogue took place just as I
was on the point of going out to dinner,
alone, for the evening was wet, and "my
wife" for once hesitated to share the hor-
rors which she saw accumulating round
my head. It was too late to send an
excuse; I was obliged to go—"my wife"
insisting that I should not think, under
any circumstances, of returning home
through the night air, but that I should
make up my mind to take a bed at my
friend's. Having without much diffi-
culty gained this point, she pertinaciously
petitioned for another; and ever watch-
ful for an opportunity of exercising the
privileges of a guardian-angel, insisted
on my taking with me my nightcap.—
Vainly did I assure her that it was un-
necessary; that where I found a pillow
I should find a cap; or in the event of
the worst, that I should still be able to
hit upon some means of protecting my
temples from cold, and my curls from
disorder. I was set down for a vision-
ary, a rash, thoughtless enthusiast. "Be-
sides," said my amiable torturer, "even
if you should find a cap upon the pillow,
which, considering the uncertainty of
this life, does not appear more than
probable; but even if you should, it may
be not aired as it ought to be. As for
trusting to chance, I own I am surprised
at your imprudence. A dependence upon
providential interference is a be-
coming feeling in some cases, but not in
this, when the means of averting calam-
ity are already in your power. Now take
it without another word—here it is, as
white—"

"As your arm."

"Nonsense! But besides all the rea-
sons I have stated, I must confess that I
should not like for you to wear any but
your own natural nightcap. You would

look like somebody else in another, and
I should have unpleasant dreams. I
should see you approach in a odious car-
icature of a cap; not in a nice, neat, be-
coming ornament like this. I'm sure I
never saw a more graceful head-dress,
considering its shape. Oh, I can't bear
the thought of your wearing another.—
If you love me, if you wish to dream of
me, you'll take this—unless you expect
to find Fortunatus's."

I reasoned and romanced—smiled,
scolded and humored: but I persisted in
adhering to my principle, and rejected the
nightcap in disdain. At last the
point was given up; my wife threw her
arms around me, and assured me that
her anxiety was only for my good—I re-
peated the usual affectionate phrases in
such cases made and provided—and we
separated with a world of protestations
on my part, and a universe of advice up-
on hers.

When I arrived at my place of ap-
pointment I found a pleasant party.—
Every body was in high spirits. The
ladies listened to our compliments as if
they had never heard them before, and
we all laughed at each other's jokes as
if we had never told them ourselves.—
We sat down to dinner.

Among the company was one of that
class of females who may be designated
languishing ladies. She was young,—
handsome, possessed extreme sensibility
an ardent fancy, and refined nerves. A
whisper affected her like an earthquake,
and a hint threw her into hysterics. It
was necessary in addressing her, to
speak with profound caution, in case of
giving alarm to her sensibilities, or tread-
ing upon a spring-gun. It was impossi-
ble to keep out of danger, unless every
sentence had been a safety lamp. I felt
in offering a compliment, as if I were
presenting a spark to a barrel of gun-
powder; and was obliged to extinguish
its meaning before it was fit for use.

We were seated in a circle of elegant
enjoyment, not dreaming of disaster.—
when the genius of this sensitive plant-
she wrote poetry, just by way of escap-
ing the imputation of singularity—was
served up as a subject for discussion.—
Unlucky theme for me! I was sitting
opposite to her, and was appealed to, in
a manner that rendered it impossible to
escape, for my opinion upon the merits of
an unpublished poem, which she had
a little time before sent me to read, and
when I had returned, (having read three
lines of the three thousand,) with the
usual flourish about an "admirable world"
and "Mr. Murry's good fortune" in ob-
taining so extraordinary a production.—
Of course, nothing is so easy as to give
an opinion—mine was, that the poem
could not fail of becoming a dangerous
rival to the "statue that enchants the
world" and that it was, in short, nothing
less than a miracle in manuscript. I
hate your bit-and-bit eulogists, and like
to do the thing handsomely when I do
begin. This was all very satisfactory;—
but when I was asked to describe the
poem—the stanzas, the scene, the sub-
ject—I was puzzled. All I knew was,
that it was written with a light hand and
a new pen, and stitched in a pink warp-
per. But to describe it!—I was confi-
dent, of course, that the heroine died
broken hearted, because that's a rule
without a single modern exception—but
that was enough. My hesitation already
I perceived, began to affect the aspen
nerves of the fair author. She was be-
ginning to suspect—while those who
had barbarously driven me into the di-
lemma, were beginning to titter. Some-
thing must be done—and so I determin-
ed upon venturing on the last resource
in these cases, and on trusting to can-
dour to help me out. I confessed that I
could not satisfactorily describe the po-
em, as I had not been able to read it
quite through. At about the two hun-
dred and fifty-third page an accident,—
which I could not particularly describe,
had prevented my reading farther, and I
had never after been able to complete it.
The nature of this mysterious accident,
was then inexorably demanded, by my
persecutors—and to relieve my embar-
rassment, and to go in time, I had re-
course to my handkerchief. A very
good effect is sometimes produced, by
taking a neatly folded jerk by the corner
and giving it a graceful jerk, so as to scat-
ter the perfume as you raise it to your
lips. I took it from my pocket for this
purpose—it was folded up. I held it by
the corner accordingly, and elevated it
to a becoming height, in order that it
might fall with proper elegance and ef-
fect. Imagine my astonishment, my
agony, my shame. It was—not my
handkerchief, but my—nightcap! Alas!
my too fond, too careful wife, had, with-
out my knowledge, slipped it into my
pocket, when she embraced me at my
departure.

No culprit at the fatal tree—no young
lover of bad money, with an old bride—
no monarch when the emblem of liberty
or revolution is borne through his pal-
ace halls—ever saw a cap with such ut-
ter consternation. I held it up between

my finger and thumb—no, by the corner of it had none—but by the white tassel that adorned it. I was deprived of the power of motion, my eyes fixed upon it, and I could neither drop it, nor the hand to which it seemed to grow. There hung, like Mahomet's coffin. It looked pale with horror. It was suspended before me, like a winding sheet. It seemed like a concentrated snow-storm ready to burst on my head. I at length cast a glance round the table. The female portion of the spectators were endeavoring to look grave and angry, amidst their laughter. The rest did not attempt to conceal the nature of the emotions my inadvantage had produced. The laughter was undisguised, and I felt that I must fight a duel with every man in the room. I ventured one half-averted look at the fair poet, who had thus unintentionally conspired with my wife to bring this disgrace upon my head. I read my history in her eyes—the truth was too clear to be a moment questioned. I had been praising her poem—I had dwelt with delight upon its beauties—I had confessed that an accident had interrupted the perusal; and when asked what that accident was, I had in the most pointed, public, and deliberate manner elevated a nightcap!—Could any declaration tell more plainly, that I fell asleep over the production I had so satirically admired. What! to display a nightcap to a young and innocent creature, who had probably never seen her grandfather's!—not even her little brother's, after the border was taken off! The offence was beyond the hope of pardon, and apology was useless.

The lady spoke first—what I know not. I only heard her stammer out something, like an *Eolian harp* afflicted with the palsy, or a piano-forte with an impediment in its speech. I could not reply. I had borne the laughter, but it was impossible to encounter the condolence of the whole room. Retreat was my only refuge, and I determined at once to decamp. I feigned a fish-bone in my throat, or something equally inconvenient, pulled the cap furiously over my head—nay, over my eyes—and without uttering a word, or stopping to answer one, rushed hatless into a hackney-coach.

"My wife" watched over the progress of my fever for three months, with the truest and most tender affection. How thankful the kind-hearted creature was that the incident had taken so serious an effect upon me!—it afforded her such an admirable opportunity of evincing her devotion. How grateful she was for my sufferings!—she had the exquisite enjoyment of alleviating them. I sometimes think that she almost wishes me dead—for the pleasure of being utterly inconsolable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the ship *Colossus*, at Philadelphia, Liverpool papers are received to Sept. 22, and London to the 21st both inclusive. We have some particulars of the fall of Warsaw. Our extracts are from the *U. S. Gazette*.

A letter dated Warsaw, Sept. 8, says—"Poland is again subject to its lawful sovereign. On the 5th inst. Field Marshal Count Paskewitch sent a confidential officer to Warsaw, to demand in the name of his majesty the submission of the city, and to promise on the other hand, amnesty and pardon. With an infatuation which cannot be sufficiently deplored, these words of peace were rejected by the leaders of the insurrection. On the 6th, at day break, the Russian army advanced to storm the city. After a most desperate and sanguinary resistance our brave soldiers, with rare intrepidity, made themselves masters of four redoubts which lay upon our line of attack, as well as the first line of entrenchments which surround Warsaw itself, and of which Wola is a perfect fortress. The task, however, was not ended with this—there remained a second line of entrenchments, and a broad moat round the city, defended by bastions.

At 4 o'clock in the morning of the 7th the Field Marshal was preparing to overcome these last obstacles, when Gen. Krusowiecki sent Gen. Prondynski to him to announce the intention of the Polish nation to submit to its legitimate King. These sentiments, were however, not confirmed by the Chief of the Government, who soon after came in person to the Marshal. He affirmed that the consent of the Diet was necessary for such submission. After the most urgent exhortations and representations of the utility of further defence, and the disasters which it would inevitably bring with it, the General withdrew at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Hereupon, three hours more were granted to Gen. Krusowiecki, within which time he was to announce to the Marshal his final resolution. As this was not given by one o'clock, the Marshal sent word that he should give orders to attack. It was terrible, and very successful; flags of truce were sent, but they brought only dilatory answers. The attack was, therefore, begun upon the second line of entrenchments, which were carried at the point of the bayonet. The enemy, who in the mean time re-

ceived reinforcement, vigorously defended the gardens and the edges of the ditches towards the Jerusalem barrier, and even made our troops give way for a moment; but the ardor of the latter revived, they quickly scaled the walls of the city, which presented a most formidable line of defence. The prodigies of valor which had already distinguished the two days were renewed, and at 9 o'clock in the evening the entrenchments, the gardens, ditches, walls—every thing, in short, was in the hands of our brave troops. Meantime, night set in, and the army required repose.

The lines of entrenchments carried by storm, 6000 prisoners and nearly 100 pieces of cannon, were the trophies of these two memorable days.

Nothing could now save the city and the enemy's army. Both, therefore, implored the clemency of the Emperor, and this circumstance made it the Marshal's duty to restrain the vengeance of the soldiers, which was excited to the utmost by such an obstinate resistance. To-day our troops are in Warsaw. The Polish army and the nation have submitted to their Monarch, the former, in conformity with the Emperor's manifesto, is gone to Plozk, there to await his orders. In some days we shall be able to give a more detailed account of these important events. The glorious success which we have obtained has been purchased by severe losses. The Field Marshal himself has received a contusion on the left arm and the breast. Krusowiecki has resigned his post.

Gen. Malachowski has announced to the Field Marshal, in two letters signed by his own hand, that he leads the army to Plozk, with the intention of waiting there for the commands of his Imperial Majesty. We must hope that the Polish army will persevere in these good sentiments, and disregard the perfidious insinuations, which may, perhaps, have been addressed to it.

The London Morning Herald, of the 20th says—"The fate of Warsaw, and the ruin of so sacred a cause as that of Poland, appears to cast a general gloom over the public mind; hard and bitter are the complaints against a government, which by a single manifestation of its will could have saved a brave nation.—The latest accounts from Paris, represent the state of the capital as most alarming; the public feeling is raised to a state of phrenzied hostility against the ministers, on their policy towards Poland, their funds have fallen from 2 to 3 per cent.

The express from Paris gives alarming accounts of the state of the French capital. The news of the fall of Warsaw seems to have excited among all classes there a phrenzy equal to that produced by the publication of the Polignac Ordinances. Men view it as a national calamity—as a national disgrace, of which each individual must bear his share.—The majority of the shops are shut—public business is in some degree suspended—the Ministers are insulted, laughed at, threatened, and hanged in effigy—crowds throng the streets with crapes, hats and arm bands, some pulling gun-maker's shops, others hysling to the ardent appeals of the newspapers—the theatres are almost all closed—the black flag is hoisted in some of the main streets—the drum beats hourly to arms—the *Marsellaise* is publicly sung in the Palais Royal—the troops of the line are in motion—and to sum up all in one significant sentence, the Ministry has been twice defeated on points which it had strong at heart.

M. M. Cassimir Perier and Sebastiani had a narrow escape with their lives on Saturday.

The French papers contain an abstract of a circular dated Warsaw, Aug. 15, and addressed to the Polish Envoys at Paris. This document is most affecting and impressive. It charges the cabinets of England and France with bad faith, and adds, that if Poland is again enslaved, its fate must be attributed to their "hypocritical sympathy."

CAPTURE OF WARSAW.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, on the 16th, Gen. Sebastiani announced the receipt of the news in these words: "I have but very little to communicate to the Chamber; the news received by the Government has been already published. A capitulation has placed the city of Warsaw in the hands of the Russians—the Polish army has retired into the environs of the fortress of Modlin—24,000 Poles alone remained in Warsaw—36,000 have withdrawn into Podlachia; order prevails in Warsaw."

The report proceeds; These few words were listened to with the deepest silence, and produced a painful sensation.

General Lafayette said,—I will not waste the time of the Chamber, but it will be recollected that it has sent petitions to the Council of Ministers, soliciting the intervention of France in favor of Poland, and that after an appeal from me conjuring them to stop the hostile proceedings of Prussia I therefore warn the Ministers that on Monday they will have to give an account of what they have done in pursuance of this recommendation. Poland will not perish, but its fate depends upon the French Government, which ought to adopt more firm and energetic measures, and particularly with regard to Prussia. Prussia,

gentlemen, has given us many grounds of complaint. I will, for instance, ask the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whether it be true that one of his courtiers, furnished with a passport signed by himself has been obliged to have it signed also by the Ambassador at Berlin, and has been detained, under various pretences, nearly two months. I will ask him if it be true that the Polish legation has been recommended by the French government, by the English ministry, and by the French ambassador, to use moderation, and not risk a general battle, because events which might produce an intervention in favor of Poland could not be delayed more than two months, and then that Poland might be again reckoned one of the great European families?

These two months have passed, and yet I have not learned that any thing has been done to redeem this promise. I cite this fact, because it is a homage due to the wisdom and good faith of the Polish government and of the Generalissimo, who probably have trusted to these promises and exercised the moderation that was recommended to them. (Hear hear.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs.—I am not called upon to answer any questions to-day.

General Lafayette.—If the facts I have advanced are not correct, you may say so at once.

FRONTIERS OF POLAND.

SEPT. 29.—Accounts from Warsaw, of the 9th, in the evening, announce that the army is included in the capitulation, and has sent a General to the Grand Duke Michael to recommend itself to the clemency of the Emperor, whose commands it will await at Plozk. (*Berlin Journal*, published by Spauer.)

INSURRECTION AT MADEIRA.

A vessel has arrived at Madeira, which states that in consequence of a report that the French squadron had forced the Bar of Lisbon, and was in possession of the River Tagus, a revolt among the islanders had taken place in favor of Donna Maria, which however was quelled by the governor after some trouble.—This officer had thought proper to accuse the English Consul of having circulated the news, and had placed that functionary under arrest in the Consulate House, a large body of troops preventing all ingress or egress, and he intended to keep the English Consul thus confined until further advices from Lisbon.

Washington Irving, the Charge d'Affaires from the U. States, accompanied by the New American Minister, had visited Count Palmerston at the Foreign Office.

Another Convention.—A Literary Convention assembled in New York on Tuesday. Among the distinguished individuals present, were Ex-President Adams, the Lieutenant Governor of New York, Albert Gallatin, Chief Justice Jones, Dr. Wainwright, Judge Betts, Dr. Fisk, Rev. Mr. Mortimer, Benjamin Talmage, of Conn., Mr. Merrick, President of the Lyceum at Portsmouth, Dr. Milnor, Dr. Cox, Mr. Lennox, Dr. Woodhead, John Quincy Adams was called to preside.

After the Chairman had taken his seat he arose and said—Gentlemen, I beg leave in the first place to offer you my thanks for requesting me to take the chair—a situation to which I am confident there are many individuals present more competent. There are many here better acquainted with the objects of the meeting. My information on the subject has been very recently obtained;—there are, however, many gentlemen present who will fully explain our objects; to me it is sufficient to know that we are assembled for purposes in aid of literature. We will, with your concurrence, commence our session by a prayer which will be offered by the Rev. Dr. Fisk.

Rev. Mr. Fisk of Middleton College delivered an appropriate prayer.

Edward P. Livingston, and Albert Gallatin were appointed to act as Vice Presidents; Mr. John Delafield and Mr. Jockeylin were appointed secretaries.

Mr. Delafield read letters of apology for non-attendance from Dr. Miller of Princeton College, President Carter, Mr. Jared Sparks, Mr. Keating, President Wayland of Providence, Judge White.

Dr. Wainwright, on behalf of two of the committees, stated that the matters to them referred would be reported on before the adjournment of the Convention. The Rev. Mr. Mathews read a communication from Professor Pizarro, of Mary's College, Baltimore, in relation to the study of foreign languages.

The communication recommended that a committee be appointed to consider the propriety of offering a premium for the best grammatical catechism of the English language, with a view of aiding the study of the foreign languages. The committee was ordered to consist of three, and the following gentlemen were appointed by the chair, Drs. Mathews, Fisk and Yates.

Dr. Fisk moved that a committee be appointed to take into consideration the practicability of establishing a uniform pronunciation of the Latin and Greek languages in our classical institutions of the country—the motion was adopted.

The Convention adjourned to meet at 10 o'clock on Wednesday.

REMEMBER THE PRINTER.

Appended to the notice of a marriage published in an Easton, Md. newspaper are the following remarks, which should be generally circulated for the information of all young candidates for the favors of Hymen, and for the benefit of the CRAFT in general.

Accompanying the above notice of the marriage, was a bottle of excellent wine, a chunk of pound cake as big as our press ball, with divers bunches of raisens, and oceans of nuts. To the generous couple, who, in the midst of all their happiness, did not forget the poor printer, we tender our sincerest wishes for their happiness, and prosperity.—After the demolition of the good things, our DEVIL anxiously inquired as he wiped his mouth, if there would be any more weddings soon.

A new Engine of Death.—A trial of a new air gun, the invention of M. Perault, of Rouen was made a few days ago, at Paris. This terrible instrument of destruction is mounted on rollers or little carriages. Three guns can be fitted on one carriage, and each pointed in different directions. They are discharged by means of a wheel, which an infant would be able to move. Each cannon fires off five hundred balls a minute, and five thousand balls can be discharged without its being necessary to get a fresh supply of compressed air. All the apparatus required for the three cannons can be carried by one horse. A battery of these guns to an indefinite length may be formed, and their effect upon a mass would be to cut them through as a saw cuts a plank.

Dr. PORTER has published a Ladies' Edition of his Health Almanac, which is pretty and convenient.

The *Catechism of Health* has been introduced into schools abroad and is highly recommended by the teachers, who have employed it as a valuable auxiliary in imparting knowledge. The *Board of Comptrollers*, by a recent resolution, have directed its introduction into our public schools, and we understand a new edition is in the press, to supply the demand which will thus be created.

The *Journals of Health and Law* both continue to flourish, and are sustained with undiminished vigor and ability by their respective conductors.

Saturday Courier.

Immense Wealth.—The house of Rothschild alone, a branch of which is established in London, is computed to be worth more than seventy millions of pounds sterling—about one thirteenth of the national debt. This house was established at Frankfort, (Germany) about the close of the last century, by Mayer Anselm Rothschild, who died in 1812, leaving his business to five sons, who are all living.—*Journal of Humanity*.

ITEMS.

The Tariff provides every poor man with a coat at half price.

It has reduced shirting muslins from 40 cents a yard, to 10, 12, and 15 cents.

It has reduced sheeting in price, so that every poor family can lay on a comfortable bed.

It has reduced bed ticking from 90 cts to 30 cents.

Linens, cloths, stuffs, calicoes, every species of manufacture, is reduced in price, and considerably improved in their quality—so that general comfort has been the result of the Tariff—besides the increased prosperity of our country.

A Russian nobleman, travelling in Germany, struck with great violence the postillion who drove him. "Take care," said a bystander, "you will kill him!" Oh, as for that matter," said the Russian, "I am rich enough to answer for it. What do they charge for postillions in this country?"

Mr. Robert Davis, of Edington, while driving through Bangor, last Saturday in a chaise, came in contact with a truck which upset the chaise and injured him so severely that he died the next day. He has left a wife and six small children.

The result of the Maryland election has been five Clay, and four Jackson Congress men, and fifty nine Clay, and twenty one Jackson (assemblymen.)

Algiers promises to be a valuable colony to France in many respects. Cotton and Indigo has been introduced and promises well.

The *Haverhill Iris*, a new paper just published in Haverhill, Mass. has been received. Edwin Harriman, editor. It supports Mr. Cushing for Congress.

ACCIDENT.—In Avon, Amasa Ingham while crossing an opening in the woods where lines of muskets had been set for bears, about 8 feet asunder, received two balls in the right leg just below the knee. The limb has been amputated, and he is doing well.

American Advocate.

The census-taker at Limerick Ireland, reports that in one house alone, he found 53 families, comprising 91 persons.

Minister to Russia.—It is said that James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Minister to Russia.

Ice made at Gardiner on the night of the 12th ult. as thick as window glass.

Definition of Poetry.—Mr. JOHN SEAL attempted, Wednesday evening, in an extemporaneous lecture, sparkling with beautiful thought, to define Poetry. It was difficult, he said, to give any other than a negative definition. It might be called something that could not be said in Prose. There is Poetry in any thing that exalts the mind. There is Poetry in painting, in sculpture, in architecture. To conclude an eloquent climax he had reached, he exclaimed with fine effect, "Pagini is now fiddling Poetry in England." Such a ludicrous but pertinent illustration roused a laugh from all quarters. Advertiser.

Pennsylvania.—Some of the Jackson papers are exultingly copying an article from the *Huntingdon Gazette*, representing it to be an antimasonic paper. The *Gazette* represented that the antimasons of Pennsylvania were dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Wirt, and would most of them vote for Jackson. We were thus misled into the belief that many antimasons had openly declared against Mr. Wirt, and so we stated. But it turns out that the *Huntingdon Gazette* is a thorough going Jackson paper, and not antimasonic.

The Pennsylvania Intelligencer contains a tabular statement of returns of the late election, by which it appears that the whole number of votes given for Jackson candidates was 59,761.

For opposition candidates 61,755.

The antimasonic vote was about 30,000. Jackson had about fifty thousand majority in Pennsylvania when he was elected. Now, if the opposition were united, he could not get the vote of the State. Will he be any stronger a year hence? Ken. Jour.

TARIFF CONVENTION.—This body adjourned Nov. 1, after being in session a week.

A resolution was passed, recommending a Convention in the West, to unite with this Convention in memorials to Congress respecting the American System.

Most of the time was spent until Saturday in appointing committees, and marking out business.

On motion of Alex. H. Everett of Boston, chairman of the committee to prepare a memorial to Congress, that committee was authorized to defer the duty assigned to them, until the reports of other committees should place them in possession of all the facts to be obtained. This motion was unsuccessfully opposed, on the ground that it was desirable to have the memorial signed by all the members of the Convention.

The committee on the production and manufacture of cotton stated that they were unable to make up a detailed report during the session of the convention.

Mr. Ingersoll of Philadelphia reported an Address to the People of the U. S.—said to be the joint production of Mr. I. Mr. Kennedy of Baltimore, and Mr. Dutton of Boston. It was read with much applause.

During the reading, Ex-President Adams entered the hall—all the members instantly arose, and greeted him with repeated plaudits.

The Address was unanimously accepted, and 20,000 copies ordered to be printed.

Mr. D'Wolf of R. I. made a report on the effects of the Tariff on agriculture, commerce and manufactures.

Mr. Lynch of N. Y. stated that several citizens of N. Y. offered to defray the expenses of the Convention. A vote of thanks to them was passed.

The committee on the production of copper and lead made reports in part, which were accepted.

The committee on the effects of the Tariff on the currency, requested time, and leave to report to the central committee—granted.

The delegation from each State was requested to procure an expression of opinion on the Tariff from the State Legislature.

The committee on Wool, reported that it is inexpedient to alter the tariff on that article—accepted.

The committee on the production and manufacture of iron and steel made a report which was accepted.

It was recommended that the Western Convention be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Monday in January.

The committee on frauds of the revenue made a partial report, recommending a revival of the laws, which was accepted. They stated the ascertained frauds to be of great amount—\$48,000 in the single article of broadcloth in N. York city during the last six months.

The committee on the manufacture of salt made a report—referred to the central committee.

The central committee was authorized to call another convention in 1832, if deemed expedient.

Thanks were voted to Matthew Carey of Philadelphia and Hezekiah Niles of Baltimore, for their early and constant devotion to the cause of domestic industry.

Central Committee.—Messrs. Niles, Carey, Dwight, Hubbard, Dupont, Tibbets, and MacCulloch.

In the state of Connecticut there are 39 periodical publications, 25 of which are political and 9 religious.

The Observer.

NORWAY, TUESDAY, NOV. 15.

TOWN LYCEUM.

The question has frequently been asked—"Can we not have a Lyceum here?" and "I wish we could have a Lyceum here!" &c. &c. We think we can have a Lyceum. The establishment of such an institution ought to be encouraged in every town, and there are several now in operation in each County in this State, except Oxford; but we know not of one such institution in this County! Shall Oxford be behind her sister Counties in the important branch of Education? We hope not. The friends of education in this County, as has been seen by our paper heretofore, have established a County Lyceum, which may be considered as the first important step taken toward the advancement of this object. In this town we have young men enough—and in our village (not that we would exclude the old by any means) to form a Lyceum. But who is to go forward in such a work? Some one must begin. That a trial of this business may be made, we would suggest that ALL, old and young, interested in the subject, meet on Saturday next at the Inn of Joshua Smith, Esq. at 6 o'clock, P. M. and see if any thing can be done towards the establishment of a Lyceum. The benefit to be derived from such an institution is well known to those who are acquainted with the result of such as are established in other towns.

THE LADY'S BOOK for November is received. It is embellished with a view of the King of England's Palace at Brighton, and several other handsome engravings.

Sandy River Yeoman.—This is the title of a new paper lately commenced at Farmington, in this State, and published by Wm. A. Dunn. It professes neutrality in politics—we hope it will keep so. Price, \$2 per annum.

THE TARIFF CONVENTION.—The last proceedings of this Convention will be found in another column of this paper. We may hereafter publish some parts of the reports.

BLUNDERS.—The following errors in the editorial of our last number, are too bad to pass unnoticed. For "enhance the cause of humanity" read "subserve." For "eventually meliorated," read, "essentially." For "unable to pay themselves," read "unable to pay their fine themselves."

HEBRON ACADEMY, Sept. 21, 1831.

MR. BARTON.—Dear Sir, A majority of the School-Committee of this Town, have recommended Mr. Pierpont's set of School Books—particularly the Young Reader, the introduction to the National Reader, and Smith's Arithmetic for children in the common schools; and I conceive the First Class Book, to be well calculated for our public Schools and Academies.

Yours Respectfully,

SIMSON PERKINS, Preceptor.

N. B. All of the above BOOKS may be had at the Oxford Bookstore.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

There are certain individuals in almost every society and neighborhood, who, to use a common proverb, arrogate to themselves the right to "dip their noses into every one's dish." And I believe it would be better for society in general, if the more modest and refined classes of human beings, who are frequently insulted by such ignorant and impudent pests, would more frequently give them a sound rap on the knuckles. I acknowledge it to be our duty to treat the more ignorant among our fellow-beings with tenderness, when through ignorance they err. But every person of common sensibility, learned or unlearned, is capable of practicing, in some good degree, the above-mentioned proverb. And if they will not endeavor to cultivate their abilities,—if they will not endeavor to acquire a knowledge of good manners, and in some decent measure, to practice what they know, unless they are driven to such a course by mortification and a proper severity, they ought to receive them.

1. When two persons are engaged in conversation, and it is evident to any one of common discernment that they do not wish to initiate a third into the knowledge of their discourse; to see another step softly along towards them, and stand and listen, till he drives the two from their post, or breaks up the conversation, is truly provoking; and such a person ought plainly to be told to mind his own business if he has any, and if he has not, to seek some. 2. When two persons are engaged in argument, and by-standers or by-sitters, are every now and then abusing good manners by breaking in upon the parties; they ought to receive the very comprehensible hint, mind your own business; and if after this, they dip their noses into the same dish, they ought to be satisfied if they get them bruised a little.

3. When a person happens to fall, or to be introduced into company with which he is not acquainted, and there, regardless of the opinions of all others present, is very forward in declaring his own; it is not unfrequently the case that he finds his nose in the dish of another, and would be glad if he could get it out again more conveniently than he is able to.

4. When two individuals are engaged in a controversy, which is carried on before the public through the medium of the Press, and before the controversy is closed, some idle or meddlesome blockhead must, either directly or indirectly be dipping his nose into the concern, he exposes his ignorance and ill manners, in the first place; and secondly, it shows his inattention to his own business; and thirdly, he subjects himself to the execution of justice, by which he receives a rap on his forehead, that is, figuratively speaking.

5. It has been well observed by a certain writer, that the principal difference between a wise man and a fool, is, the wise man selects his best thoughts to communicate; and the fool forms out his without distinction or restraint, whenever the pericranium happens to be charged fully or lightly with the heterogeneous composition. Doubtless it would be better for many if there were some private passage from the cranium, so that many thoughts might pass off without public observation.

6. It will require but a little meditation for any man or woman of common sense, to arrive to a pretty correct conclusion, as to what is his or her own business. And when people come to the knowledge of what they have, and also what they have not a right to meddle with, it is indispensable to their own peace and the peace of others, that they render their knowledge practical. It is true, we live in what is called a free country; but this freedom when legally and properly understood, does not admit of our insulting one another, by neglecting our own business, and interfering with that of others. The very freedom, about which there is so much boasting, and which is so generally violated in our country; but which, if it could be enjoyed, would be so dear and valuable, allows men and women to mind their own business—in a proper way. And if this might not be preserved, in what does our boasted freedom consist? What business has one man to interrogate another whom he may meet in the street, or elsewhere, as a school-master questions his pupils? What business of his is it, what the man's name is, where he is from, or where he is going? If the inquirer can give a reasonable excuse for his inquiries, he may be excusable; but if not, he had better mind his own business, if he has any, and if he has not, he had better seek some suitable employment immediately. What right has the Merchant to order the blacksmith how to blow his bellows and hammer his iron? What right has the Blacksmith to oversee the shoe-maker?—What right has the shoe-maker to dictate rules and regulations to the Merchant? When people wish us to interfere with their business, or take charge of their affairs, they will probably call on us—if they are desirous of our company they will invite us—if they wish for our assistance, they will let us know it, i.e. generally. Therefore, whenever we have business of our own, let us attend to it; and if we have not, let us endeavor to find some as soon as possible; but let us avoid dipping the nose into another's dish.

JUSTITIA LT CLEMENTIA

The Governor and Council have adjourned. What order has been taken on the subject of the Madawaska difficulties we have not learned precisely; but understand one of the Counsellors, Mr. SMITH, of this County, has been deputed to proceed to Fredericton, ascertain the condition of the prisoners there, and if necessary take measures for the subsistence of their families. In the mean time the General Government will undoubtedly be urged to bring the existing difficulties to a speedy termination.

Augusta Courier.

New Counterfeit.—A ten dollar U. S. bill on the Bank of Philadelphia, was presented at the Branch here yesterday and detected as a counterfeit. It was the first which had appeared. The vignette Justice, surrounded with stars.—The imitation is so accurate, that it is impossible to give any marks by which the counterfeits can be detected. The ten dollar notes payable at the Branches are printed from a different plate. The vignette is an eagle.

Sylvester's Reporter.

"Let him be stricken from the roll."—Dr. Randolph, who carried the challenge of Maj. Eaton to Mr. Ingham, and was required to resign his office, has had another office created for him. He has been appointed a sort of general Messenger to our ministers in Europe. In other words, he is about to make a tour of Europe like John Randolph at the public expense. What will Gen Jackson do next for Mrs. Eaton's relatives?

He has created another foreign mission by appointing a Mr. Nelson of Maryland minister to Naples. No such mission is provided for by law. K. Joy

Isaac Whitney, Esq. Shelburne, has raised some cabbage heads 2 feet 10 inches round, and some large turnips, one of which is 2 feet 7 1-2 inches round.

The Maryland Colonization Society have chartered the schooner Orion, to carry sixty free colored persons to Liberia.

MARRIED.

In Saco, by the Rev. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Thomas G. Odiorne, to Miss Sarah Hartley, daughter of Capt. Samuel Hartley.
In Halifax, N. S. Master Charles Brady, aged 18, to Mrs. Mary Jackson, aged 66. A gain of one hundred per cent.
In Winthrop, by Rev. Mr. Crooker, Mr. Joseph R. Stanley, to Miss Rebecca J. Bishop.

DIED.

In Shelburne, N. H. on the 25th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth Newell, in the 63rd year of her age.
N. B. Printers in Maine and New Hampshire are requested, &c.
Drowned, in Milburn, on the 2d inst., Capt. Timothy Homstead, by being precipitated from a raft of boards.
In Wadoboro', Mrs. Experience Pitcher, aged 90.
In Vassalboro', Mr. Jeremiah Chamberlain—aged 72.
In Portland, Mrs. I. G. wife of Andrew L. Emerson, Esq. and daughter of Hon. Asa Clapp.

In Farmington, Mr. Sanford Davis, aged 68—a soldier of the Revolution, and one of the first settlers of Farmington.
In East Hartford, Conn. Rev. Asa Mead, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in Brunswick, aged 39.
In Portland, Caleb Prince, aged 22—Miss Eliza Pierce, formerly of New Gloucester, aged 21.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber, of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, hereby gives Public

Notice, that he offers for sale his Real Estate in said Waterford, consisting of a one story DWELLING-HOUSE, BARN, and other out-buildings, TRIP-HAMMER SHOP, and a new GRIST MILL, situated in that part of Waterford called the "Lower Village."

Further particulars made known on application to him at his dwelling house.

EZRA JEWELL.

Waterford, Nov. 12, 1831. 22

HENRY POOR, AT NO. 3, MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS; MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND.

HAS received and opened for the Fall and Winter trade, English, French and German MERINOS; CIRCASSIANS, Plaids and Bombazetts;—real Rob Roy Plaids; Common and Staple Camblets; fancy Silk, and Thibet Hk's; MERINO SHAWLS; bobinet LACES, cheap; Edgings and Quillings; nice Straw HATS and splendid RIBBONS to match; Italians, Synshaw, Gro de Swiss and Chinese SILKS in great variety; Russia Diapers and Damasks; all kinds Muslins; elegant French Calicoes; Gloves and Mitts; Crapes, Pongees, Bandannas, Flag Cravats;—Braces, Dimities, &c. &c.

ALSO, 100 Pieces GERMAN, ENGLISH, and YANKEE

BROADCLOTHS; Hunter's Cloths; Cassimeres; Kerseys; real Petersham, for top Coats; Habit Cloths, and Ladies' Olive Broad Cloths:

ALSO, A prime Stock of Live Geese Russia & Common FEATHERS on hand—sales Ticks, Yarns, Sheetings, Shirtings, and every species of Domesticities:

ALSO, 25 PIECES CARPETINGS, of brilliant style and Colors—Stair Carpeting, Rugs, Straw Matting, Carpet Bindings, &c.

ALSO, Different Nos. Dutch BOLTING CLOTHS, of a superior order, which will be sold at less prices than formerly in this market. A constant supply will be received from the South.

H. P. Will give the highest market prices for all DOMESTIC STUFFS, such as, Flannels; Full'd Cloths; Yarn; Carpetings; Diapers; Tow Cloths, &c.

Portland, Nov. 4th 1831. 21 10w

NOTICE.

THE Committee appointed by the Hon. Justices of our Court of Common Pleas, begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth Tuesday of September A. D. 1831, to make partition of the westerly part of Lot Numbered one hundred and sixty two in the town of Livermore, being all that part of said Lot which is situated west of the town road which passes through said Lot, according to the petition of Jacob Gibbs and Others, hereby give notice to all persons concerned or interested in said partition, that they will meet on the premises to perform said service on the twelfth day of December, A. D. 1831, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

JOHN SIMMONS, Chairman.

Canton, Nov. 5. 1831. 21

Daily Paper in Augusta

EATON & SEVERANCE propose to publish a daily newspaper in Augusta, during the session of the Legislature, if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, to be called the MAINE DAILY JOURNAL. The Daily Journal will be delivered to subscribers every morning at the low price of one dollar for the session, and will contain the Legislative proceedings of the previous day, together with an abstract of Congressional news, and the foreign and domestic intelligence of the day.

Daily papers have heretofore been established only in large commercial towns. They depend mainly on a large population to whom they can be delivered every morning or evening without expense of postage. There is no instance, we believe, in this or any other country, where a daily paper is published in a town having no larger population than Augusta; but anxious as we are to meet the just expectations of the citizens of the State and the members of the Legislature, we have concluded to make the attempt, in the hope that the citizens of Gardiner, Hallowell and Waterville, to whom we shall offer the paper every morning, will unite in giving us that support which other daily papers find in large commercial towns.

It shall be our endeavor to report the proceedings of the Legislature faithfully and impartially, never distorting or misrepresenting the language of political opponents in debate. Indeed we hope to acquire such a reputation for fairness and impartiality in this respect, that all parties shall have confidence in whatever we may publish of legislative proceedings.

We shall send our daily to all the printers of newspapers in the State, trusting they will use a little endeavor to procure us that patronage which is necessary to ensure its publication.

The weekly Journal will be continued as heretofore at \$2 a year, and will also contain an account of the proceedings of the Legislature, together with the latest foreign and domestic news.

Subscriptions received at this office, and forwarded free of expense.

"GREAT BARGAINS."

C. J. STONE HAS just received at his new stand, Mussey's Row, Middle-Street, a well selected and very extensive assortment of seasonable piece Goods,

SUCH AS BROADCLOTHS, Blue, Blk. Mulberry, Mixt, Brown, and Fancy colors for pantaloons; CASSIMERES; SATINETTS; Flannels; Plaids; Moreans; French and English Circassians, all colors; Fine Thibet Cloths; col'd Damask Table Covers;—Goats' Hair Camblets; Lamb's Wool Worsted and Cotton Hosiery, Thibet, Merino, Valentia and other SHAWLS; Blk Italian Lustrings; Gro de Naps;—Blk. and col'd Synchaws; Sarsnets and other Silks—Silks Camblets; Gro de Berlins; 1400 yds. French, English and other Calicoes, from 10 to 50 cts.—Ginghams; Furniture Prints and Dimities; Hair Cord, Plaid and Plain White Cambric Muslins; col'd Cambrics;—White Counterpanes 11-4, at a very low price; Hair Check, Book and Swiss Muslins; Blk. Silk Velvets; Corded Petticoats; a good assortment of Fancy Vestings; Ladies' Fancy Silk Hdk's; Fenlar's, Flag and other Hdk's; Bobbinett Edgings and Quillings; Grecian Boots; Silk Hosiery; Gloves; Mitts; Braids; Cap Wire; Buttons; Tapes; Pins; Sewing Silks; Carpet Bindings and a good assortment of

DOMESTIC GOODS, with a great variety other articles too numerous to particularize. The above goods have just been purchased in New York, many of them at Auction, and will be sold at very low prices for Cash or Approved Credit.

WANTED, Any quantity of WOOLEN YARN, FLANNELS, and TOW CLOTH, for which a fair price will be paid in goods at lowest cash prices. Portland, Oct. 18, 1831. 6w19

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Norway and vicinity that he has taken the Store lately occupied by James Crockett, where he has just opened an assortment of Seasonable GOODS, and solicits a share of public patronage.

ASHES WANTED! Wanted good Dry HOUSE ASHES, for which Goods will be paid on delivery at the Pot Ash lately owned by Increase Robinson.

ANTHONY BENNETT.

Norway Village, Nov. 1. 6w20

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD.....SS. TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Wednesday the thirtieth day of November next, at one of the clock in the afternoon at the Store of Messrs J & M. Coolidge, in Livermore, all the Right, title, interest and Equity of redemption, which NATHANIEL HARMON has or had on the thirtieth day of March A. D. 1831, in the homestead Farm on which he now lives in said Livermore, being the same Farm which the said Harmon purchased of Isaac Record by deed in the year A. D. 1829, the same being under Mortgage to Davis Washburn for about three hundred and fifty dollars.

OLIVER BILLINGS, Jr. Dep. Shff. Livermore, Oct. 28, 1831. 20

NOTICE.

OXFORD.....SS. Taken on execution, and will be sold at Public vendue, on Saturday the twenty-sixth day of November next, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of Joshua Smith in Norway, all the Right in Equity which REUBEN HILL has, to redeem the farm where he now lives, in Norway, the said farm being mortgaged to Peter Frost of Norway for about twenty Dollars.

HENRY W. MILLETT, Dep. Shff.

Norway, October 25, 1831.

FOR SALE.

A good Horse five years old last spring; warranted sound and kind in every respect. Also, a good second hand

CHAISE.

A good credit will be given for the above. WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Nov. 1.

WANTED immediately, by Mrs. H. W. Goodnow, 2 young LADIES as Apprentices to the Millinery and Mantua-Making business.

WANTED, in payment for the Ob servall kinds of Produce.

Stray Cows!



STRAYED from S Norway Village 3d inst. three Cows; one light red, one dark red, and the other a little inclined to brindle—two of which are five years old, the other nine or ten. Whoever will return said Cows, or give information where they may be found, shall be suitably rewarded by the subscriber.

DANIEL YOUNG. Nov. 12. 23

Consumption!

Asthma! and Catarrh!

IN that long train of diseases which seem to grow with the growth of civilized society, CONSUMPTION takes the lead in its relentless inroads upon human life; yet this dreadful disorder is easily overcome in its earlier stages. It is only when neglected that it arrives at the terrific maturity which so often baffles the sagacity of professional science. An obstinate cough is the customary forerunner of the PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.—Improper neglect in the timely administration of simple and salutary remedies, is sure to be reproved by a dreadful succession of consumptive symptoms: oppression of the breast; greenish and bloody spittle; ulcerated lungs and hectic fever; shrivelled extremities, and general emaciation of the whole body; prostration of strength: flushing cheeks; swollen feet and legs: and at last, in full possession of the mental faculties and while hope still whispers her flattering tale—cold extremities, and a premature death.

For the various stages of this complaint, one of the most approved remedies ever yet discovered is

Dr. Relfe's Asthmatic Pills.

This exceedingly powerful, and yet equally safe and innocent preparation, has effected thorough and rapid cures upon patients supposed to have been far advanced in a confirmed Consumption, and who have exhibited the appearances which usually indicate a fatal termination of the disorder.

As the Pills require in ordinary cases no confinement, they may be administered with confidence and safety to all ages and classes of people. Unexampled success has hitherto attended their administration in a great variety of cases; and the Proprietor can refer to a multitude, which testify to their efficacy in reviving the emaciated victim from the bed of disease, and restoring him to blessings of accustomed health and activity.

Price \$1 for whole boxes of 30 pills, and 50 cents for half do. of 12 pills, with directions.

Debilitated Females.

THE complaints peculiar to the female part of the community, have been long successfully treated by the administration of the Aromatic Pills, originally prescribed and compounded by Dr. RELFE. They cleanse the blood from those disorders of the female constitution, for which the Pills are an effectual specific: they restore a free circulation, reform the irregular operations of the sanguiferous system, and rectify the disordered habits. The proprietor's confidence in the superior excellence of this equally innocent and powerful preparation, is founded on the most decisive testimony from many restored patients. He can assure this portion of the public, that when

Dr. Relfe's Aromatic Pills for Females, are regularly taken according to the directions accompanying them, they revive and establish the desired healthy habits, and restore to the pallid countenance the natural glow of health and good spirits.

Married ladies will find the Pills equally useful, except in cases of pregnancy when they must not be taken:—neither must they be taken by persons of hectic or consumptive habits.—They may be used successfully by either men or women in all Hypochondriac, Hysterical or Vagourish disorders, in all cases of this description, the Pills purify, invigorate, and revive the disordered system.

Price \$1.50 a box.

* * * None genuine unless signed on the cut side printed wrapper by the sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY. For sale with all the other "Conway Medicine," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover streets, near concert Hall, Boston; and by his special appointment, by ASA BARTON, who has for sale a general assortment of Drugs and Medicines.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again. Norway Village, Aug. 31. 9.

WASHINGTON CITY, the 20th day of Oct. 1831.

To the Portland Courier away down in the State of Maine, to be sent to Uncle Joshua Downing up in Downingville; this with care and speed, and dont let any body see it.

DEAR UNCLE JOSH, I've got it at last as sure as you're alive, and now I dont kear a snap for the fattest of 'em. I'll teach them are young chaps down to Portland that used to poke fun at me because I did n't get in to be governor, that they must carry a better tongue in their heads, or they'll find out who they are talking to. I guess they'll find out by and by it wont be healthy for 'em to poke fun at an officer of my rank. And as for Femine parsons that married the school master winter before last, when she had promised as fair as could be that she would have me, she may go to grass for what I care; I would n't have her now no more than I'd have a Virginian nigger. And I guess when she comes to see me with my regimentals on she'll feel sorry enough, and wish her cake was dough again. Now she's tied down to that clodpole of a school master, that was n't fit for a school master neither, for he has had to go to hoeing potatoes for a living, and much as ever he can get potatoes enough to keep 'em from atarving, when if she had only done as she had promised, she might have been the wife of Capt. Jack Downing of the United States army.

But let her go; as I said afore, I dont care a snap for her or all old White's cattle. I'll tell you what tis uncle, I feel about right now. It seems to me I could foot it home in two days, for my feet never felt half so light before. There's nothing like trying, in this world, uncle; any body that tries can be something or other, if he dont get discouraged too soon. When I came on here, you know, I expected to get one of the great Secretaries' offices; but the good old President told me they had got him into such a hobble about them are offices that he could n't give me one of 'em if he was to die. But he treated me like a gentleman, and I shall always vote for him as long as I live, and I told him so. And when he found out that I was a true genuine republican, says he, Mr. Downing, you must be patient, and I'll bear you in mind and do something for you the very first chance. And you may depend upon it Mr. Downing, he added with a good deal of earnestness, I never desert my friends, let that lying Stephen Simpson of Philadelphia say what he will about it, a good for nothing ungrateful dog. And he fetched a stomp with his foot and his eyes kind of flashed so fiery that I could n't help starting back, for I did n't know but he was going to knock me over. But he looked pleasant again in a minute, and took me by the hand, and now, says he, Mr. Downing, I give you my honor that I'll do something for you as soon as I possibly can. I told him I hoped he would be as spy as he could about it, for I had but jest ninepence left, and I did n't know how I should get along very well, in a strange place too. But he told me never to mind that at all; I might come and eat my meals at his house whenever I'd a mind to, or he would be bondsman for my board where I put up. So I've worked along from that time to this, nearly four months, as well as I could, sometimes getting a little job of garden-work, and sometimes getting a little wood to saw, and so on, nearly enough to pay my expenses. I used to call and see the President once in a while, and he always told me I must be patient and keep up a good heart, the world was n't made in one day, and something would turn up for me by and by. But fact, after digging, and sawing, and waiting four months, my patience got most wore out, and I was just upon the point of giving up the chase, and starting off for Downingville with the intention of retiring to private life; when last night, about 7 o'clock, as I sat eating a bowl of bread and milk for my supper, a boy knocked at the door and wanted to see Mr. Downing. So they brought him into the room where I was, and says he, Mr. Downing, the President wants to see you for something very particular, right away this evening. My heart almost jumped right up in my mouth. My spoon dropt out of my hand, and to eat another mouthful I could n't if I was to starve. I flew round, and washed my face and hands, and combed my head, and brushed up as well as I could, and should have looked tolerable spruce if it had n't been for an unlucky hole in the knee of my trousers. What to do I did not know. It made me feel bad enough I can tell you. The woman where I boarded said she would mend them for me if I would take them off, but it would take her till about nine o'clock, and the President was waiting for me, and there 'twas. Such a hobble I never was in before. But this woman was a kind good creature as ever was; she boards me for four and sixpence a week, considering that I split wood for her, and bring water, and do all such kind of chores. And she always had some contrivance to get out of every difficulty; and so she handed me a neat little pocket handkerchief and told me to tie that round my knee. Being thus rigged out at last, I started off as fast as I could go for the President's.

When I went into his room, the old gentleman was sitting by a table with his spectacles on, and two great lamps burning before him, and a bundle of letters and papers in his hand. He started up and took me by the hand, and says he good evening Mr. Downing, I'm very glad to see you; you are the very man I want now above all others in the world. But how is this, said he, looking at my knee? Not lame, I hope?—That would be a most unfortunate thing at this critical moment. It would knock my plan in the head at once. I felt kind of blue, and I guess I blushed a little; but I turned it off as well as I could; I told him I was n't lame at all, it is nothing but a slight scratch, and by to-morrow morning I should be as well as ever I was in my life. Well then says he, Mr. Downing, set down here, and see what I've got to tell you. The old gentleman set himself back in his chair, and pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and held up the letter in his hand, and says he, Mr. Downing, here is a letter from Governor Smith, of Maine, and now sir I've got something for you to do. You see now that I was sincere when I told you if you would be patient & stick to the republican text, I would look out for you one of these days. I'm always true to my friends; that lying Stephen Simpson might have had an office before now if he had behaved himself.

Well dear sir, said I, for I felt in such a pucker to know what I was going to get that I could n't stand it any longer, so says I what sort of business is it you've got for me to do? Says he Mr. Downing, I take it you are a man of courage; I have always thought so ever since you faced Mr. Eaton so boldly on Mr. Ingham's door steps. Though I was sorry your courage was not displayed in a better cause for that Ingham is a rascal after all. I told him as for courage, I believed I had some of the stuff about me when there was any occasion for it, and that I never would stand by and see any body abused. Well, says he, we must come to the point, for the business requires haste.

Governor Smith writes me that there are four of your fellow citizens of Maine in a British jail at Frederickton, who have been taken from their farms by British constables and sheriffs and other officers, and carried off by force to prison. By this time my very hair began to curl, I felt so mad, and I could n't help jumping up and smiting my fists together, and saying pretty hard things about the British. Well, says the President, I like your spunk Mr. Downing; you're just the man I want in this business. I'm going to give you a captain's commission in the United States army, and you must go down there and set that business right at Madawaska. You must go to Maine and raise a company of volunteers, as quick as possible, tell 'em I'll see 'em paid, and you must march down to Frederickton and demand the prisoners, and if they are not given up, you must force the jail, and if the British make any resistance you must fire upon them and bring the prisoners off at some rate or other. Then write me, and let me know how affairs stand, and I'll give you further orders. At any rate you must see that the rights of Maine are well protected, for that state has come round so in its favor since last year, I'm determined to do every thing I can for them; I tell you Mr. Downing, I never desert my friends. So after he gave me the rest of my orders, and my commission, and a pocket full of money, and told me to be brave and if I wanted anything to let him know, he bid me good night, and I went home. I was up before daylight this morning, and I've got two women to work for me to day fixing up my clothes, and I shall be ready to start to-morrow morning. I want you to keep this matter pretty still till I get there, except that you may let Cousin Ephraim know it and get him to volunteer some of the Downingville boys for my company, I want to get them pretty much all there if I can, for I know what sort of stuff the Downingville boys are made of, and shall know what I've got to depend on. In haste, your luvin' nuffu, CAPT. JACK DOWNING.

A RIDDLE.
P H M
K O M

These letters in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
A source of misery.

The above will be explained by folding the upper line partly over the lower line of capitals.

Hogs.—We saw at Mr. Edward Walker's establishment in this town, on Thursday, a lot of nearly 80 of the largest and fattest hogs we have ever seen, weighing between three and four hundred lbs. each. It was with great difficulty some of them could move about. The same gentleman, we are told, killed a superior lot of hogs, about a hundred, last spring. He has also, now, a fine lot of about ninety store pigs.—*Charlestown Aurora.*

Jonathan's description of a Steam-Boat. It's got a sawmill on one side, and a gristmill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle, and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boiling all the time.

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When I went into his room, the old

New-York Daily Sentinel Office.
September 9, 1831.

To Farmers, Mechanics, and other Workmen.

THE WORKING-MAN'S ADVOCATE, published in the city of New-York, which has just entered upon the third year of its existence, is the largest and cheapest weekly newspaper in the United States. The object of the Working-Man's Advocate as its title imports, is to protect the rights, and promote the interests of the Working-Men. By Working-Men, are meant all men who are engaged in occupations useful to their fellow-citizens—that is, such as contribute to their sustenance, health, instruction, amusement, and happiness.

The Editors of the Working-Man's Advocate, believe that the rights and interests of the Working-classes require the universal adoption, throughout the United States, of the following measures, besides others of minor importance, viz: *Equal Universal Education—Abolition of all Licensed Monopolies—Abolition of Capital Punishment—Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt* (already accomplished in New-York since the organization of the Working-Men of this State)—*An Entire Revision, or Abolition of the present Militia System—Equal Taxation on property—No Legislation on Religion*. These therefore, are the leading measures for which they contend.

The publishers of the Working-Man's Advocate, are also the Publishers of the New-York Daily Centinel, which contains as great a quantity of the earliest foreign and domestic Intelligence, as the average of the New-York daily papers, the greatest part of which is transferred to the columns of the Working-Man's Advocate.

The terms of the Advocate are TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

A Tri-weekly paper, containing all the news of the Daily, a price-current, bank-note table, &c. &c. is issued from the same office, at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

The price of the New-York Daily Centinel, is EIGHT DOLLARS per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

Post-Masters, and Publishers friendly to the principles of the paper, are respectfully requested to act as Agents.

Subscriptions received at this office.

JUST published and for sale at BARTON'S, *ESSAYS ON SCHOOL-KEEPING*, comprising observations on the qualifications of Teachers, on school government, and on the most approved methods of instruction in the various branches of a useful education.

The ATLANTIC SOUVENIR for 1832, a beautiful Christmas and New Years' present.

The SCHOLAR'S EXERCISE AND REVIEW, containing the principal rules of English Grammar and Arithmetic, and a Key to many difficult questions in the latter, the whole designed for the use of schools and private instruction. Nov. 1.

Wanted

IMMEDIATELY, in payment for the Oxford Observer,
12,000 First rate SHINGLES;
200 Bushels WHEAT;
200 " CORN;
200 " OATS;
100 " RYE.
Also,—Butter, Cheese, Lard, Tallow, Beans, Peas, &c. &c.
Sept. 26.

"BADGER'S WEEKLY MESSENGER," Published in New York, by the former Editor of Zion's Herald and Christian Advocate and Journal.—Price, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. Subscriptions recieved at this Office, where the specimen numbers may be examined."

NOTICE.

JOTHAM S. BUNKER was placed under my care by bond, April 13, 1829, till he became twenty-one years of age. Being then eighteen years of age wanting five months. He has this day left my employment without my consent, I therefore forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined never to pay any debt or debts of his contracting after this date. RUFUS K. BUNKER.
No. 7, Oct. 6, 1831. 3w19

WANTED, in payment for the Oxford Observer, 100 lbs. TALLOW.

THE OXFORD OBSERVER, IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

At \$2 per annum, or \$1.75 to those who pay Cash in advance, or within three months from the time of their subscription.

Those subscribing for a year, who do not, either at the time of ordering the paper, or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the expiration of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will be continued accordingly at the option of the publisher.

The publisher will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the sum charged for its insertion.

Interest will be charged upon arrearages of more than one year's standing.

All Letters and Communications intended for the Observer, must be addressed to the publisher, POST PAID.

HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF THE
HYGEIAN VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES

OF THE
BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, LONDON;

Which have obtained the approbation and recommendation of some thousands of Cures.

IN CONSUMPTIONS, CHOLERA MORBUS, INFLAMMATIONS, internally or externally; DYSPEPSIA, FEVERS, AGUE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUS or NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, & all diseases of the LIVER: YELLOW FEVER, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, TIC DOLOREUX, ST. VITUS'S DANCE, EPILEPSY, APOPLEXY, PARALYSIS, PALSY, GREEN SICKNESS, and all obstructions to which the Female form is so distressingly liable, and which sends so many of this fairer portion of the creation, in CONSUMPTIONS, to their untimely graves; SMALL POX, MEASLES, WHOOPING COUGH, SCARLET FEVER, ASTHMA, JAUNDICE, GRAVEL, STONE, & all URINARY OBSTRUCTIONS; FISTULA, PILES, STRICTURES, RUPTURES, and SYPHILIS, in all its stages; CONSTIPATED BOWELS, WORMS, SCURVEY, ITCHINGS OF THE SKIN, KING'S EVIL, and all GUTANEOUS DISORDERS; in short, every Complaint to which the human frame is so direfully subject, under all their varied forms and names; as the HYGEIAN conviction is, that

MAN IS SUBJECT TO

ONE ONLY REAL DISEASE, THAT IS, TO THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD, from whence springs every Complaint that can possibly assail his complicated frame; and that it is the perpetual struggle of this vital, pure stream of life, the gift of Almighty power, to disencumber itself of its viscous, acrid humours, with which it has become commixed, through the negligence of parents; the ignorance or maltreatment of the Doctors; or the vicious, or gormandizing propensities of us all.

This valuable Medicine, being composed only of vegetable matter, or medicinal herbs, and warranted, on oath, as containing not one particle of mercurial, mineral, or chemical substances, (all of which are uncongenial to the nature of man, and therefore destructive of the human frame) is found to be perfectly harmless to the most tender age, or the weakest frame, under every stage of human suffering; the most pleasant and benign in its operation, and at the same time, the most certain in searching out the root of every complaint, however deep, and of performing a cure, that was ever offered to the world. This wonderful effect, too, is produced by the least possible of all trouble to the patients, by merely swallowing a certain number of small pills, and being called a few extra times to the purposes of evacuation, with the least possible sensation of feeling, or pain, or exhaustion of bodily strength, and without the fear of catching cold, or attention to dress or diet, in any way different to their accustomed habits.

These pills cure in all cases, and can in no way be outdone. Experience,—which is the touchstone of all human knowledge, has long borne testimony to the fact; and extensive use of them, has already verified its truth in this country.

These Medicines cure by purging, and yet the weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, because they clear the body of its bad humors; they invariably too, procure a sound sleep. They are the safest and most efficacious Medicine to take to sea; preventing all scurvy,—costiveness, &c.

The operation of this (in every case) mild medicine, which conveys immediate conviction of its utility from the first dose, is as beneficial to the mind as to the body; first calming, then curing all Mental derangements, Eccentricities, Nervous Affections, Irritabilities, and Restlessness, from whatever source: complaints which have heretofore not been properly understood, as the Hygeists have found them all to proceed from accretitious humors in the blood, and, happily for the present and future race of mankind, discovered a cheap and universal mode of purifying, curing, and preventing.

The being cured of any disease, infirmity or sore, is now no more a dubious or uncertain procedure—perseverance in the Vegetable Universal Medicines will always restore nature to her due course. The literary and sedentary of both sexes, whose pursuits so much impair the faculties, will find a sure remedy in the Universal Medicines for preserving the energy and sprightliness of the imagination, and improving their health; Old age will be attained by the use of them, and passed free from pain and infirmities.

These require none of the mysteries of other medicines. They only require to be persevered in with sufficiently large doses, and the patient will always come off well;—when a disease is obstinate, patients do not take doses large enough.

*For sale by the subscriber, who is the only authorized Agent for this County, and every box sold by him is warranted to be direct from London. Certificates of cures may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON, Norway Village, Sept. 26, 1831. 15 ly

NEW-YORK REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that an Institution is established, and in successful operation, in the city of New-York Eldridge street, between Grand and Broome, denominated the "REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE," under the jurisdiction of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States;—that this Institution has arisen from its own intrinsic merits, notwithstanding the opposition of illiberal and interested Physicians, to an eminence and celebrity which has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

In this College, a system of practice is taught altogether superior to that taught in other Medical Schools, or pursued by other Physicians, the remedial agents being principally derived from the vegetable kingdom. Its efficacy has been proved for more than half a century, combining the improvements of the most distinguished Medical Reformers of this or any other age. It has been tested in every variety and form of disease, and its salutary effects witnessed where the mercurial or mineral treatment had been pursued without the least effect, except great injury to the constitution. Its superiority has been so repeatedly demonstrated, as to satisfy the most wavering and sceptical; and it is chiefly owing to this success, that we are indebted for the elevated character and reputation of our Reformed Medical Colleges. In short, the system of practice we teach, "like the Doric Column, stands simple, pure and majestic, having fact for its basis, induction for its pillar, and truth alone for its capital."

The necessity of an Institution of this kind, under the direction of competent Professors, must be strikingly evident to all who have reflected upon the subject of medical Reform. The prevailing practice of Physic and Surgery is generally admitted to be replete with danger to the health and lives of mankind. MERCURY, the LANCET, and the KNIFE, are now the means chiefly relied upon for the removal of almost every disease incident to the human body, notwithstanding their deleterious effects are so universally known and experienced.

The benefits to be derived by an attendance at this Institution, will, we trust, be duly appreciated by those who wish to acquire a correct knowledge of the healing art. Here the Student will be taught all the ordinary routine of practice that is deemed necessary, in addition to the Botanical; and in consequence of his residing in the Institution, and pursuing a systematic course of study, combining each of those departments, he may acquire a knowledge of both in a short space of time, and at a very small expense, in comparison with that of other Medical Colleges.

The following are taught, both on the old and modern, or Reformed System, by lectures, recitations, examinations, and suitable textbooks:—

1. Anatomy and Physiology.
2. Materia Medica and Pharmacy
3. Theory and Practice of Physic and Surgery.
4. Midwifery.
5. Theoretical and Practical Botany.
6. Chemistry.
7. Medical Jurisprudence, &c.

There being an Infirmary connected with the College, the Student will have the benefit of Clinical Practice, by which the experimental, or practical part of medicine, will be acquired with the theory.

There will be no specified time to complete a course of study, but whenever a student of qualified to pass an examination, he will receive a Diploma. Some will require one year, others two or more years, to complete a course of studies.

Students will have an opportunity of attending the New-York Hospital, in addition to the Infirmary, where many hundreds of medical and surgical cases are daily exhibited, and Lectures delivered, Operations performed, &c. with the benefit of an extensive medical library.

For the information of some, we wish to state that this System of Practice has no connection with that disseminated by Dr. Samuel Thompson.

REQUISITIONS.—The qualifications for admission into the school will be:—1. A Certificate of good moral character. 2. A good English education.

TERMS.—The price for qualifying a person to practice, including board and all the advantages of the Institution, will be at the reduced price of \$250, payable in advance; or \$150, in advance and \$150 at the time of graduating.—Some allowance will be made for those in indigent circumstances.—The price of a Diploma will be ten dollars.

Every student will be expected to supply himself with bed and bedding, books, fuel, &c. which may be purchased in this city at a very small price.

We have the pleasure to announce that our School is in successful operation; there having been about thirty graduates during the present spring, and that there is an opening and a demand in every section of the United States for those educated in its Principles and Practice.

Those wishing further information, will please address a letter (post paid) to the undersigned.

The public are cautioned against the reports and misrepresentations of interested Physicians who are unacquainted with the System of Practice, and the Principles on which it is founded.

Students may enter the School at any period, but the Spring, or Fall, is preferable.

W. BEACH, M. D. PRINCIPAL.

N. York Reformed Medical College, May, 1831.

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Dec. 7.

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